

# The Missionary Helper.



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Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society.

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A DEEP shadow is cast on this opening volume, and a pain enters all our hearts as we read that our veteran missionary, Rev. Jeremiah Phillips, died December 9, at Hillsdale, Michigan. Worn with the struggle against disease, and worn with the conflict with heathenism, he receives the crown at a little less than three-score and ten years. His dying legacy was, "*India is sure for Christ. I have no doubt of it. The progress of the Gospel is already greater than most of us know.*"

Thousands, in Christian America and heathen India, while they lament his death, will be inspired by his heroic, Christian example. The mission, the history of which his life spans, and the missionary spirit which he awakened in the hearts of Free Baptists, are his enduring monument.

"Finish thy work, then go in peace,  
Life's battle fought and won;  
Hear from the throne the Master's voice,  
'Well done, well done.'"

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Shall we have 5,000 subscribers for the HELPER? This is a question for Free Baptist women to answer. In reference to it Mrs. Hills makes a stirring appeal in the *Morning Star*.

Her words are so pertinent and excellent that we are constrained to reproduce a large portion of them:—

“Five thousand subscribers will change our bimonthly missionary magazine to a monthly, without an increase of price. Shall the year 1880 witness such a success? It both *can* and *ought*. How easily it can be done in this way. Let every agent who has secured clubs not only do all in her power to retain her former subscribers, but canvass for new ones. Where there are no agents, and even where there are, let any or every sister who loves the cause of missions make a persevering effort among her acquaintances to secure subscribers.

Says Dr. J. L. Phillips, in a recent letter: ‘How wonderfully well the *Missionary Helper* is doing. I rejoice in its success, and hope it may find its way into all our churches, east and west. It seems to me that the subscription list might be multiplied many fold, by the united efforts of our sisters in the denomination. I hope the ministers are giving it a hearty welcome. How very much a hearty word from the pastor can do! And, on the contrary, how much a cold word from the pulpit can do toward settling people in their indifference! In my travels among the churches I had a fine opportunity of finding out the potency of both these forces.’

Let us keep in mind that ‘the entrance of knowledge giveth light;’ and how greatly, as a people, we need the light of more definite information in regard to the condition and the terrible needs of the nations without the Gospel, the state of our mission treasuries bears unmistakable testimony. Now that God has unbarred the gate, and broken down the walls that until recently shut out the entrance of his Word among the great heathen nations of the East, and has opened a way into the heart of the dark continent of Africa, which, instead of a desert, is found to be crowded with human beings, and the prophetic time has come when knowledge is increased and many are running to and fro, is it not criminal in God’s sight for a Christian to remain ignorant of duty because of his ignorance of the conflict Christ’s invading soldiers are waging with the powers of heathen darkness? In our late terrible war, how almost breathlessly we watched for tidings from the battle-fields. In the present conflict which the Gospel is waging to depose Satan from his usurped possession of the kingdoms which belong to Christ, is it possible for a Christian, interested in the world’s conversion, not to watch with the deepest interest for tidings from this great moral and spiritual battle-field? Nay, verily.”

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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Sometime, in our dream of the future, we say,  
Sometime, when our life shall have passed away,—  
In the hour when our wondering eyes behold  
The gates of pearl and the streets of gold,  
While with ravishing music Heaven's arches ring,—  
There will lovingly fall from the lips of our King,  
E'en to us poor sinners, the gracious word:  
"Enter now, beloved, the joy of thy Lord."

But the joy of our Lord, when He walked below,  
Was to bring Heaven's light to earth's gloom and woe;  
To seek the lost; the hungry to fill;  
To do, day by day, his Father's will.  
And to each disciple who follows his Lord,  
There is coming ever this tender word:  
"Take now this bliss which has no alloy;  
Enter in *to-day* to thy Master's joy."

His work is His joy; enter in, enter in,—  
There's a world to reclaim, there's a kingdom to win;  
There are lost ones to seek on the mountains cold;  
There are lambs to bring to the sheltering fold;  
There are blind eyes to point to Christ our King,  
Dumb lips to be taught the new song to sing;  
And our Captain to each faithful worker is near:  
Take His yoke, and He'll give you a joyful New Year.

From the north and the south, from the east and the west,—  
From the far isles set in the ocean's crest,  
Helpless hands are outstretched to you and to me,—  
Helpless voices are crying in agony.  
Be it ours to follow our Lord's command,  
To point them all to the pierced hand;  
And in helping others, 'twill surely appear  
There will dawn for ourselves a blessed New Year.

[*Selected.*]

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"Freely ye have received, freely give." Are you obeying this divine mandate? Are not 80,000 Free Baptists able to carry on our Indian Mission? What shall be the record for this centennial year?

## A MIND TO WORK.

BY MRS. E. C. JENNESS.

AGAIN the New Year sends forth its merry greetings. While Memory lingers to review the past, Hope, crowned with the bright flowers of expectation, points to fairer fields where harvests are waiting to be garnered. A befitting time to-day, where the two paths meet, to raise a new song of praise and thanksgiving for blessings already given, and in childlike trust pray for more of that faith and love which purifies the heart, and for a mind ever seeking to work for others' good.

Christ wants a service of joy and gladness, so that all labor in his cause shall be a delight, self-denial and suffering a pleasure. Priceless privilege: to be a co-worker in the wondrous plan of the Gospel. It makes but little difference where the post of duty is assigned—in public or in private life, in the tumult of the crowded city, or away in some prairie or mountain home. Everywhere the Leader is the same—the orders and the work, if rightly understood, the same.

. As a mission band our success will very much depend upon united effort, a mind to act in harmony. Christ the central thought—the motive power. Instead of "What wilt *Thou* have me to do," has not a want of union, a feeling that the burdens were for some one else, been many times a great hinderance to the work?

The Bible gives us a most beautiful example of willing workers. In furnishing the tabernacle, the command for the offerings was: "Whosoever is of a willing heart, let him bring it, an offering to the Lord." Without delay the women gave not only their rings, bracelets and jewels of gold, but all who were skilled and "wise-hearted," spun and brought their oblations of blue, scarlet, and fine twined linen. It is not for a building of wood and precious stone, the Master calls, but for laborers to aid in rescuing souls who, made

pure by His blood, shall be jewels fitted to adorn the temple of the Most High. Whatever the result, however little or much has been or may be accomplished, the sum total will never be complete, until all with one accord have a mind to work.

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### “THE MORNING COMETH.”

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A WRITER in the *Missionary Review*, who was some years a missionary in India, in a continued article under the above head, gives some reasons which indicate clearly that the dawn appeareth. Some of the signs of the times which point to its near approach are found in the facts that God has opened the way for the general diffusion of the Gospel, in the *preparatory work* which has been done by modern missions, in the spread of the *English language* among so many pagan nations, and in the *native agency* which has been raised up for the work.

Another cheering sign of the dawning of a better day, he then adds, is the late movement in behalf of the *women* of pagan lands, what is significantly called “*Woman’s work for Woman.*” Here opens a new and broad field; and the ready and liberal response of Christian women is a new star of hope. Without the Christianization and elevation of pagan woman, Christianity in those lands would fail of its power to bless. Woman’s work for woman, therefore, meets a want in missionary work of surpassing magnitude.

The simple fact that woman is *nothing* in pagan lands—that as wife, mother, daughter, sister, she has no position in society, nothing of what we call female influence—tells the story of woman’s degradation, and of the inestimable value of every well-directed effort for her emancipation and elevation. A new era has dawned; the morning light is breaking in upon woman’s dark night. There is at this moment not a more completely open and hopeful field.

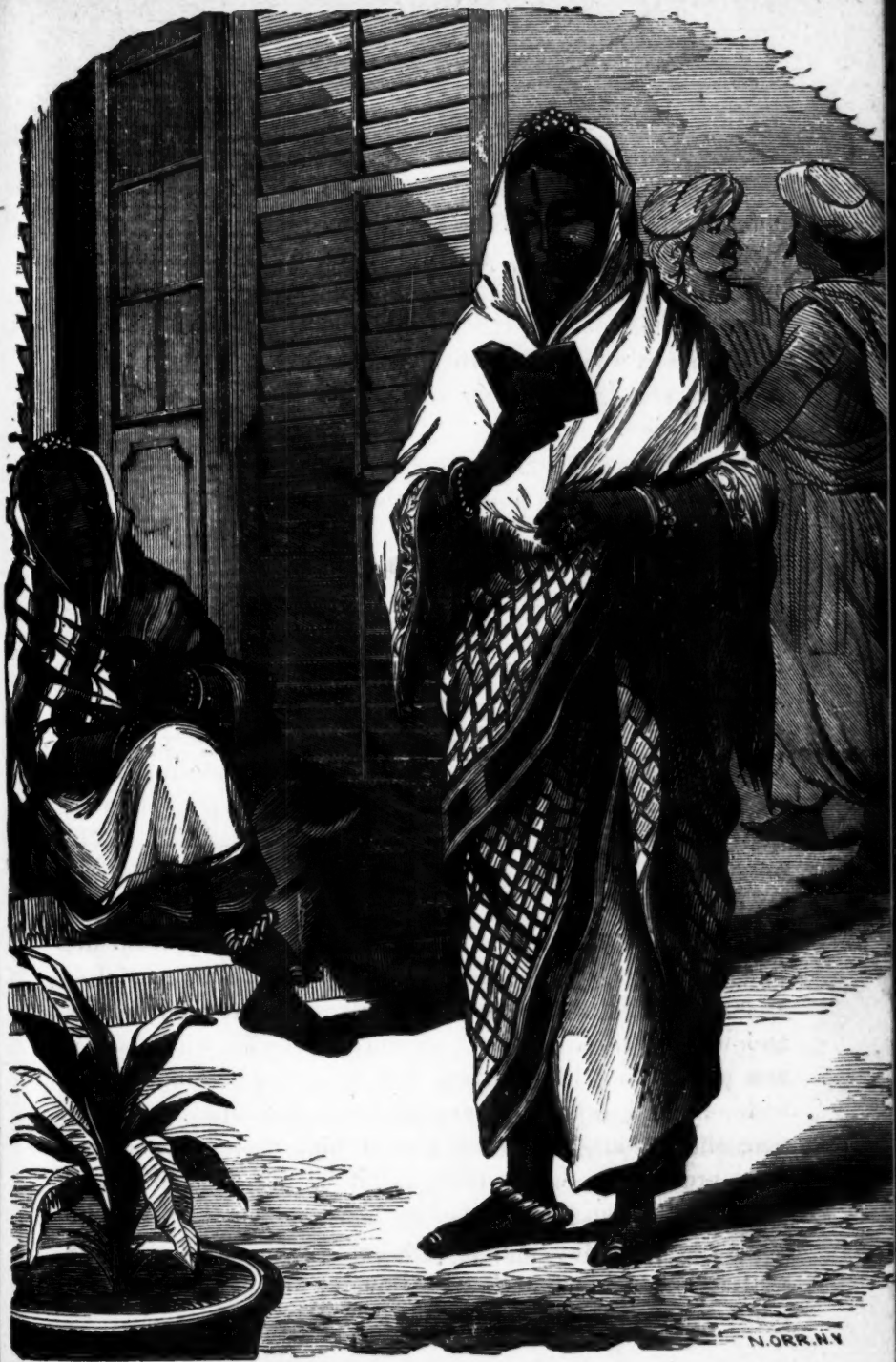
## HINDU WOMEN.

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WE present our readers for the first time, with an illustration. It represents a class of persons, among whom our missionaries teach. They form an interesting study, and show somewhat of the effect of the elevating influences of Christianity.

We are told that Hindu women are the most perfect in form and graceful in motion of any in the world, and that they are often very beautiful, of the true Caucasian type — having descended from the ancient Aryans, — that they have gentle, quiet ways, and low, sweet voices. They are of all shades of color, from the Italian up to the darkest brown. The garment they wear the year round is a *Sarree*, a straight piece of cloth of various kinds, a yard wide, and five or six yards long ; but they load themselves with ornaments, often carrying many pounds in weight. They have black hair and eyes, and slender hands with tapering fingers. In some parts of India the wives of the high caste have been shut up in zenanas for 800 years, a custom rendered necessary by the Mohammedan invasion, and enforced by the added teachings of the *Shasters*. The great mass of the women, however, are not secluded, but are required to perform out-door labor — oftentimes the most degrading and laborious drudgery. They are married when very young by their parents, and often become mothers at a very early age. They are the slaves of their husbands, and are subject to their cruel mother-in-laws. They have been kept in the most absolute ignorance until within a few years.

In all savage and uncivilized countries, the position of woman is greatly inferior and subordinate to men ; but we are told that among the Hindoos her degradation has not a parallel in the history of the race. She is absolutely *nothing*, has *no* individuality, and is without *a soul*, unless she has a husband. The Holy *Shasters* teach : " She who slights not



her lord, but keeps her mind, speech and body devoted to him, attains a heavenly mansion. He is her god, her priest, and her religion. If he laughs she must laugh; if he weeps she must weep; if he sings she must be in ecstasy."

But notwithstanding the weight of all the accumulated mass of corrupt teaching, and oppression, and cruel degradation, the missionaries tell us that many a woman bears on through her weary life with a heroism that is truly remarkable, and worthy of a place among that of the noblest women of any nation.

These teachings to-day are losing their force; barriers are giving way, and the powerful, elevating influence of Christianity is being felt. Liberal Hindoos want their wives and daughters taught, and are asking for schools and teachers for them; and woman there, as elsewhere, is showing that she is capable of development. Noticeable illustrations are found in the following facts:—

At the time when the boys were to be sent up from the missionaries' school for heathen at Dehra, to be examined for admission to the government University, one bright girl asked the missionary why girls could not compete. He mentioned the request in a letter to the chancellor, adding, "Why not?" In reply permission came for girls to enter the lists for examination.

Of seventy-three boys and one girl who went up from different parts of the country, only eleven were successful,—and among those eleven this Indian girl ranked fourth, and was admitted to the Calcutta University, where she is now prosecuting her studies, and this, too, before England had admitted women to any of her universities. A little time since a bright Hindoo girl of high caste in Bombay, after prosecuting her studies as far as the mission school could give, began the study of medicine, convinced that in no other way could she so well serve her countrywomen. At the medical schools in Bareilly and Benares are native Christian women who are taking high rank.

## REMINISCENCES.

BY MRS. M. M. H. HILLS.

## (EARLY YEARS OF THE F. B. INDIA MISSION.)

During the year 1846, Mr. Bacheler, accompanied by a native preacher, occupied about two months in a long missionary tour of 650 miles through the country west and south of Balasore, and returned by way of Cuttack. In their route they spent ten days in Sumbhulpore — the place where Noyes and Phillips commenced their missionary labors. Mr. Bacheler, in writing a summary of this trip, said: "We visited the territories of twelve native rajahs (kings), and preached the ever-blessed Gospel before kings and princes. Hundreds heard for the first time of a Saviour, while others who had previously become somewhat acquainted with the principles of Christianity, were again instructed in the way of life. . . . In obedience to the commands of our Lord, we have gone forth with the holy Scriptures in our hands proclaiming their life — giving doctrines to many who would otherwise have died ignorant of a Saviour's advent. A large number of Gospels and tracts have been scattered in many a lonely jungle and retired hamlet, and we look for the blessing of Him who has said: 'My word shall not return unto me void.'"

He thus wrote of his visit at Sumbhulpore: "My first object, after my arrival, was to seek out the grave of sister Phillips.\* I had no difficulty in finding it, as a substantial stone monument had been erected over it. I stood beside the mortal resting-place of our departed sister with a melancholy pleasure — sad at the thought that she had died so young, when but just entering on a sphere of usefulness, with more than ordinary talents for the work in which her whole soul was engaged. But the reflection that she died with her armor on, bearing a noble testimony to the blessedness of the Gospel, in the midst of the enemy's land, that, her

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\* Mr. Phillips' first wife, formerly Mrs. Beede, of Dover, N. H.

influence had not died with her, but had been felt across the ocean in her native land, exerting on the hearts of others that same spirit which had led her to forsake the endearments of home for the lonely lot of the missionary, cheered my heart, and caused me to feel that, trying as the vocation of the missionary is, I would exchange it for no other. It is natural to mourn the premature departure of those who bid fair for usefulness in the Master's service, yet it often happens that such, like Samson, accomplish more by their death than in all their life beside. The removal of Harriet Newell was a mysterious providence to her almost discouraged associates, but the influence of her death still continues to be felt, fanning, in many a heart, the missionary flames. Of such, it may emphatically be said,

'Long do they live, nor die too soon,  
Who live till life's great work is done.'

I pitched my tent in a beautiful mango grove, near the grave. The moon was at its full and the evenings delightful, and I often spent them in solitary musings at the monument. The Coles, who inhabit a small hamlet near by, often came out to ascertain the cause of my loitering about a grave, at such a time. They, no doubt, thought me a singular being, as they look upon the resting-place of the dead only with feelings of horror. Brother Phillips' house was but few rods from the grave. Nothing now remains but a heap of dirt and some loose stones to mark the spot; that of Brother Noyes was at the other end of the town, half a mile distant. A portion of the brick floor still remains, on which stands a small native hospital.

I had not been long in the place before I had ample proof that, though our brethren had been absent more than eight years, neither they nor their instructions were forgotten. An interesting young man, who had received a New Testament from Brother Noyes, which he lost by the burning of his house, besought me to replace it. Another had received two or three tracts from Brother Phillips, which he had carefully kept, and, to convince me that his statement was true, repeated a considerable portion of one of them. Most were familiar with the instructions of those who taught them the worship of the *Wisahasa*, or invisible God. As our brethren were but imperfectly acquainted with the language at the time of their residence here, and

labored under many severe trials, I did not expect to find any remains of their influence. In this I was most happily disappointed, as I found that their instructions were as fresh in the minds of the people as though they had been absent but few months instead of eight years. During our stay in Sumbhulpore we had excellent congregations, both night and morning, in different parts of the bazar. One young man came to our camp with the full determination of becoming a Christian. He remained with us a day and night, and the thirsty man could not fill himself with the satisfying element with greater avidity than this young man drank in religious instruction.

Five days after leaving Sumbhulpore, we came to Sanpore a large town of perhaps 5,000 inhabitants. The king of this district was a boy about ten years old. We paid him an early visit, and preached to a large audience before his door, he being one of the hearers. I had taken a volume of Scripture for him, which I offered to his secretary in his presence. He refused it with a sneer. The boy, however, came in the evening with his retinue, and asked for the book I had offered in the morning."

The king of Bambodie district listened respectfully to the message of the missionary, took him over his grounds, and showed him his gardens. He believed the reason of his being king was on account of having performed a severe penance in a former birth, and that now, if as a king he performed penance, in his next birth he should be an emperor. So he was devoting his life to bodily mortification, wearing no shoes, eating no dinners, bathing four times a day, etc. Mr. Bachelor labored to show him a more excellent way. Though he seemed convinced, he left him with little hope of his obeying the truth.

Six or eight persons at Mr. Phillips' station were wishing to be baptized, but he thought it best to wait a little longer to test the genuineness of their conversion. He had gathered several Santal lads into his school, and with much patient labor, was acquiring their language, with the hope of future labors for the salvation of this wild people.

Aug. 12, 1846, Miss Sarah P. Merrill, daughter of Rev. A. Merrill, of Stratham, N. H., sailed for India in company with some Presbyterian missionaries. After a voyage of more than five months, she landed in Calcutta, and, accompanied by brother Dow, went thence to Balasore. Far different sights, this India trip presented her, from those in the land she had so recently left. Soon after her arrival she wrote :—

“I will not attempt to say much of the horrors of heathenism, but simply tell you that the one-half was never imagined. On our way here at Bustah, we saw a heart-rending sight—a small spot of ground strewed thick with the skulls and bones of pilgrims who have died here on their way to Juggernaut. One poor creature died while we were walking within a few feet of him. The miserable rag with which he was covered was taken away, and he lay unnoticed in the burning sun. The next day nothing but the skull and a few bones remained—the former was being picked by a dog.” How such scenes remind one of the declaration of Holy Writ: “Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god.”

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## A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

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We wish to call the attention of our readers again to the *Missionary Review*, a notice of which was given in the November number. The more glimpses we find time to get of its well-stored pages, the greater is our desire that every pastor, who should be a leader in all missionary work, shall have the stimulus of the facts and information which it affords. It is a repository of missionary information. It aims to give a summary of the missionary work of all denominations and agencies, the world over. Its editor was for many years a missionary himself. Rev. R. G. Wilder, Princeton, N. J. \$1.50 in advance. No charge for postage.

It may be a little late to give this *Review* for a holiday gift, but more than one pastor, perhaps, failed to receive any sort of a token of good will; so putting mites together, let this be the good thing which shall regularly greet and cheer him, and should there be a few spare pennies, do not fail to add the MISSIONARY HELPER for, or as a companion.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM MISS HATTIE P. PHILLIPS.

## SUNSET RIDES.

\* THIS month has been vacation with me, but it has been only a change of work. Busy in the house all day, I take a quiet saunter on my pony at sunset — such glorious sunsets as India affords! Our bungalow is situated between two bazars, little more than an eighth of a mile apart; hence it is quite impossible to take a ride — except across the rice fields — without passing through one or the other of them. They certainly do not afford such sights as one would choose to see on a pleasure ride, but it has given me an opportunity to observe the people and things more closely than when the hurry of work took me through at far greater speed. Do you care to look through my eyes at some of the sights seen here and there, now and then?

One doesn't take many steps on the high road at any time of day, or in either direction, without meeting numbers of *jatras* — pilgrims — a large majority being old men, and widows of all ages. Poor, wretched, weary, filthy, footsore creatures, spending their "money for that which is not bread, and their strength for that which satisfieth not;" the hungry look, if possible, more visible in the eyes of the returning than in those of the out-going pilgrims. When shall that hunger ever be satisfied? Now and then we see among them two or three shrewd, well-kept looking ones. Who are they? They are the vultures; Brahmins who go about the country, gather large companies of widows, conduct them down to Pooree, on the way defraud them of nearly all they possess, and, having reached the shrine, leave them to wander the weary way back as best they can, or stay there for want of means to return. Thousands of these poor creatures are thus stranded, homeless, friendless, penniless, while the merciless Brahmins return to repeat their villainy.

Here is a man with his face so nearly covered with mud — holy soil — that he looks like a horrible mask. Another has his head shaved — except a spot about the crown, the size of his palm; this is cut short, but has in the centre one long lock, tied up in a loop, which, at the expiration of his vow, will be cut off and presented to his god. See this poor

wretch who has gazed at the sun until he is stone blind ; but he is so holy, his maintenance is secure wherever he goes.

This is the week for Durga pujah—the worship of the goddess Durga—and people are out in their holiday attire, the brightest of bright yellow and red—often the two combined. . . . I see a babu approaching—ah, yes! he is a pundit from a neighboring village, and knows a little English. He gives two quick jerks of his fist towards his face—tut! his nose is in danger!—and says vigorously, “Good morning, *sir!*” The time of day is a matter of no consequence. Children all along the road say, “Nomaskar,” some boisterously, others quietly, while now and then a sweet-faced little one—some of these children are *beautiful*—looks up with such a beaming face, and lisps the word of greeting so winningly, that only a heart of stone could suppress an answering smile. In the other bazar, children whose style of dress—or *undress*—would shock our little folks at home, step out, and, with a grace I never saw in children at home, touch their foreheads, make a matchless bow, and say politely, “Missebaba, Salaam.” The brightest objects in all the bazar are the children. One can hardly look at them without coveting them for their own sakes, for the good of humanity, and the glory of God. Shall we gather them into schools? The answer must come from over the water.

Will those dogs let Don step on them rather than move? Poor, mangy wretches! I don't wonder they court death. If Bergh were to walk through this bazar, I fancy he would reload a six-shooter several times; nor are the dogs the only creatures that would receive his attention. See that poor cow that has had one leg broken off, and goes hobbling on three; that poor calf that drags its broken leg after it; that poor cow that has fallen down for the last time, but may live on for days; and many more that look like mere frames for carrying a skin which appears fairly mouldy. They are *sacred* animals; it would be an unpardonable sin to kill one of them. Don recognizes the old stopping-places, and can't understand vacation at all. Now and then we meet one of our pupils of the lower castes on the street, and receive a polite salutation. Here we pass a temple of Juggernaut. The brick enclosure is a complete ruin, and no one attempts repairs. A well-fed, sinister-looking Brahmin sits at the entrance, and appropriates the pice

left in the temple by the wretched pilgrims who enter. What a fine location for a chapel! Who knows what may be in the years to come! Here is a poor, old, bent, wrinkled creature — turn and look in her face. Does she hate *everybody*? Did she *never* love anybody? Was she ever a sweet-faced baby? Who would guess it? Very, very little of the love that shines through the windows of the soul, beautifies the face, and makes one grow old sweetly, serenely, in this country. Will there ever be? See those uncouth daubs of red and white coloring on the walls of the houses; that is done for pujah — worship. That poor child! He'd be a beauty but for his friends. They've put great rings of lamp-black around his eyes, tied a part of his hair in a knot on top of his head, and the rest hangs in stiff locks matted with clay. We pass the house of an English-speaking babu: his two little boys, on this gala day, are happy in clean white shirts. Why not? But here is a company seated in a circle on a verandah. What are they doing? Ah, these men are ambitious; they don't live under the rule of Her Majesty, Victoria the Good, and in the blaze of the nineteenth century for nothing; they are *civilized*! Look — do you see? Hearts, diamonds, spades, kings and queens! The main festivities for the week are being held at the house of a petty rajah, two miles away, but there are a few who are worrying out a little holiness by keep-up a dismal dhum, dhum, on a drum, accompanied by various other sounds that would suggest penance rather than praise.

. . . Here's a party of manacled prisoners, under guard of native police, probably on their way to Balasore. What did that boy throw into the grass? Possible? A firecracker? Well, that sounds patriotic and home-like. See that poor boy! What an old face! He has a life-long infirmity; one of his knees bends both ways, and at every step, you almost fear his leg will break in two. He is employed to herd cattle, to keep them out of the rice fields. He, too, is uncivilized, not having learned to live without work.

Here is the postman. It is the day for home mail — ah, thanks! what a feast! Don is almost asleep, but knows instantly if I drop the bridle, and deliberately turns face about for home. But that pace won't do when home letters are to be read, my little fellow; so come!

DANTOON, Oct. 28, 1879.

## TWO WIDOWS OF THE BRAHMIN CASTE.\*

Mrs. J. Phillips, while accompanying her late husband in one of his missionary tours, visited Doli, where she was invited by the young widow of a Brahmin to visit her house. On entering it, she found a large company of women and children waiting her coming. Among them was the mother of the young widow, whom she discovered to be very intelligent, and who was also a widow. Says Mrs. Phillips: "She was looking very sad and thoughtful. I said to her, 'Well, Auntie, what do you think about these gods that are made of stone, wood, and earth? Can they save you from sin, and make you happy and pure?' She replied, 'I used to believe in all of them, and was very careful to perform all the ceremonies they required, and make all the needed offerings. But by-and-by, my husband died, and I was left in great grief; but as I had a son and some property, I got along very well, till my son, then a young man, became very ill. I feared that he too would die and leave me alone in the world, with no one to carry me away when dead, or set fire to my funeral pile; † and how could I bear so much grief! I went to the family priest for advice. He told me to make certain offerings to the gods he named, and also to the Brahmins, and my son would certainly recover. In order to make the matter quite sure, I made offerings to all that I could and to the Brahmins, but in spite of all, my son died. I was in despair, and cared nothing more for home, and so started off on pilgrimage, hoping to obtain present peace of mind and future salvation from sin. I bathed in the Ganges, worshiped all the gods at Gaiga, and went to see Juggernath, but all to no purpose. I was more unhappy, and far more dissatisfied with our religion, and I shall go no more. Now, I wish to hear about this new religion. You say that it is the only true religion, and that it will give peace of mind and make the heart pure?' I sang, read, and talked of the blessed Saviour, and tried to make the way plain to their dark minds. They listened attentively, and seemed to understand, and a happier season I have seldom enjoyed; my heart was full of joy and thankfulness.

\* The highest caste in India is the Brahmin or priest caste, which is subdivided into castes of different grades.

† The Hindoos burn their dead, the nearest male relative lighting the pile.

Next morning, I was again called by the younger widow to her house, and she wished me to come and sit by her side, saying, 'I wish to hear every word.' I replied, 'No, you have your *calsi* of water just by you, and you are preparing your fish for breakfast, and should I chance to touch either they would be spoiled, and you would have to throw them away.'\* 'Never mind these. Who has any caste, now? I take no notice of these things now, except when some friend is near by, but we are alone now.' I gladly talked to her for some time of the love and sufferings of Christ, and answered her various questions. She seemed overjoyed at hearing of the way of salvation, and begged me to remain several days that she might learn all about it. Several women came to the door, and as they stood looking in and listening, she showed me her silver bracelets and asked, 'Is there any sin in wearing these? My neighbors tell me that it is wrong now that my husband is gone, but what do you say?' I replied, 'No, there is no sin in it, and if you loved your husband, and these bracelets cause you to remember his love and kindness, I think you had better wear them.' With joined hands and bowed head she thanked me; and then, holding up her hands to the women, she said, 'The Mem says it is not wrong and why should I hide them away?' Turning to me with a mingled expression of joy and sadness, she said, 'I did love my husband; and these bracelets, which he put on my wrists when we were married, remind me of his love and kindness to me, and make my mind happy; so I have kept them on and shall continue to wear them.'"

Mrs. Phillips called again on these Brahmini widows. She says, "The first question was, 'How long can you stay?' I told them I must leave early next morning, and I could hardly keep the tears back as I looked into their sad, disappointed faces. The elder one said, 'Why must you go? You have been here but a short time and told us just a little of this new way of salvation, and when shall we ever hear again?' The younger widow said, 'Yes, you have come here and lighted just a little taper in our dark minds, and when will you come again? You can't come in the hot and rainy seasons, and before the next cold season this little light will have gone out. Why can't you stay?' I explained the matter to them

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\* If a Christian chances to touch even a vessel containing food or water belonging to the Hindoos it is counted by them unclean, and has to be thrown away.

as well as I could, told them more of Christ and his love, and assuring them that I would remember and pray for them, I reluctantly left, giving a tract to one and selling a book to the other. I have not seen these dear women since, but have felt great peace and confidence in praying for them."

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A WORTHY EXAMPLE.

Miss Crawford, in her letter in the *HELPER* for September, says that a generous Christian gentleman, in Michigan, contributes to the support of Paka Dale; and she asks that others take on the support of more of her fifteen girls who are at work teaching the women and girls near their own homes.

This noble man, Charles Martindale, of Sparta, has lately gone to be with God, that Father, Saviour and Friend, whose presence and companionship were so real to him here.

His home was one of refinement, of love, of helpfulness to others. Hardest to bear will be the loss to the wife and children, but the Sabbath school, the church, the community, and the Quarterly Meeting are stunned by this providence. A man of deep piety, true culture, sound judgment, and broad sympathies, his influence was widely felt, not only for Christ's work near home, but for the cause of temperance and missions. The following letter, written to him by the teacher he has so long supported, will be of interest for his sake as well as that of the writer, faithful little Paka Dale.

S. L. C.

DEAR MR. MARTINDALE:

Through the mercy of the Lord, I am now well and happy, and to love and serve Him is my great wish. I pray to Him daily, that He will help me to work in His vineyard many years. In His service there is great happiness.

I now go to a heathen village to teach. The place is nearly four miles from our mission home. Twenty boys and girls come to learn. Another girl goes with me to help teach, and an old woman goes with us too, for if girls in this country go about without such a protector, they are sometimes insulted. Our pupils are now learning well. A few months ago, when we began this school, they did not know a letter. Very few of the fathers know how to read, and not one of the mothers. We not only teach the children to read, but teach them about

the Lord; pray much for them that the work of the Lord may be done in their midst, and pray for ourselves that we may have strength to work well. On the way to our school we have to pass through two bazars, and to cross a river in a boat. Many of the people we pass on the road, are pilgrims who are going to Poori to see the great Juggernaut, or, having seen that idol, are returning to their homes.

Last month, four of Miss Crawford's scholars, and another who comes to our Sabbath School, were baptized. A few others remain unconverted. Pray that they may soon repent. They are small, but have been taught much. I have a sister smaller than myself (younger, though in size, larger), who is not a Christian. Our parents died in heathenism. Formerly, when I went to a heathen village to teach, the people were careful not to touch me, lest they should lose caste, or be polluted, and they did not wish to hear about Christianity. Now the women will call me to sit down with them, and they listen very attentively while I read the Word of God. Sometimes they give me food.

Do please pray much, that the time may soon come when all the idols will be forsaken, and all the people believe in the true God. Pray too, that all in Orissa who do believe in the Lord, may be faithful in working for the salvation of others.

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A NOTE FROM THE VALLEY.

Miss Brackett says: "We had a very good missionary meeting here a month ago. Our Auxiliary and Sunday School will raise \$25 for the support of a native teacher in India. . . . ."

Work has so multiplied on our hands that I have not time to write you of the many things I would like to say about the school. Did you ever live in a house with workmen all about? They have just left the upper stories. The balusters were finished only yesterday. Add to glazing, plastering, painting, pounding, the confusion of forty girls trying to do their own work, and you have some idea of what we have been trying sweetly to endure, hopeful because of better days ahead. School is larger than ever before at this season. Twenty-seven rooms are already occupied, and others are engaged. The house will be full by the first of January. What could we have done without it!"

## DOORS OPENING WIDER.

BY MRS N. C. BRACKETT.

I wish that the Sunday school children, their parents, and all who have contributed their mites and their larger sums for the building of Myrtle Hall, but have not the privilege of looking upon its walls, could realize the comfort their sight affords the teachers of those for whose shelter they were built. These walls assure us that, for the present, the pleasure of saluting returning students, and new ones, is no more to be marred by the questions: "Where shall we put them?" "*Is* there a room that isn't full?" and the like. The liberal supply of bedding relieves us of the fear that some may be kept from school because their scanty earnings will not hold out to buy quilts and sheets; and of the disagreeable thought that there may be those whose early habits were such that the making of sheets may seem to them unnecessary, even though the wardrobes be very respectable. But thoughts of how comfortable they will be, and we shall be, are not all that are suggested by the sight of these walls. We hope to be able to accomplish more — perhaps not to secure so much better lessons from books, but in many ways to bring about more rapid improvement.

This hope is not founded on the fact that we are to be less crowded; more on the assurance, we feel, that this copious stream which has been flowing to us, and has borne the piles of bedding and these beautiful and substantial walls, shall not be dried up, but will continue to come to make it possible for us to do for the girls many things that our limited means and strength, and their crowded and scattered quarters have put outside the possibilities.

The results of last year's efforts show that whatever needs to be done for the girls for whom Myrtle Hall was built is practicable to the noble Society whose aim is to turn woman's benevolence more directly toward the worthy object of help-

ing the women who have been kept down by heathen and barbarous institutions. To these institutions slavery was no exception. The iron heel of the monster trod more heavily upon the women than upon the men. And our efforts for the girls have the stimulus of the acknowledged principle that a race can rise only in the proportion that its women are elevated.

Last year taught us that there is not so much necessity to urge people to exertion as to make known to them what ought to be done. These are some of the much-needed improvements that might soon be made for the benefit of our girls if we had the means: We desire to have a cook-room in the basement of Myrtle Hall, with a range, kept in fuel, to save theirs, and thus do away with cooking in the rooms where they must eat, study, and sleep—a practice hardly consistent with the highest civilization, or with very rapid advancement toward it. Above this cook-room, and heated by the same fuel, by means of a register or drum, we wish to have a study-room, furnished with chairs, tables, and lamps, which will save them not only expense, but the danger of sitting in cold rooms, and studying by insufficient lights. In this same room we desire to have them taught to sew. This, perhaps, is our most urgent want, the facilities and force to teach needle-work. The many, many reasons why this should be done, are plain to every woman. But there is one special consideration, which might not occur to those who have had no opportunity to study the situation, that, with skill in some lucrative work that could be done at home, a mother could many times save her young daughter the dangerous snares which beset girls in too many places of service on the soil where the mothers were slaves, no more to the wills than to the lusts of their masters. Again, to this same end, that they may be more independent of doubtful places of service, as well as for the many reasons that naturally suggest themselves, we would employ a competent person, from among the more experienced students, to overlook all their work, especially the washing and ironing, and give instruction when needed.

I would not convey the impression that these things have been left, hitherto, entirely undone, but would have the truth known that, as the number of classes has increased in consequence of the larger school and wider range of studies, they have been crowded out so that every year's close finds

us regretting more and more what has been left undone. May we not hope, putting our trust in God, and the Woman's Missionary Society, that we may have less of these regrets in the future — that before many years we may have all these helps in operation? And then, when we have the appliances and force to do all that can be done by human effort, with the Divine blessing, for those who find their way to these walls, may we not hope that the means may be vouchsafed us to send some suitable person as missionary to their homes, to point out the way to others, to help them plan how to earn and to save, so that they may come hither? May we, the women of the North, laboring for our needy sisters in the South, aim high, ever remembering that what we do for the women, we do for the race — that to lead a people upward, it is of the first importance to make the mothers, guides.

HARPER'S FERRY, W. VA.

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## WORKING CAPITAL.

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A STATEMENT of figures and facts, at the present time, may stimulate to good works and answer questions as to the policy of the Woman's Missionary Society, in its financial management.

In the first place, the Board has increased its appropriations over last year more than six hundred dollars. The amount needed each quarter to meet the demand is about \$745. One has only to compare these figures with the receipts for the months of October and November, \$272.99 (this includes only \$3.00 of the amount Rhode Island will pay for the quarterly dues), to realize how much the contributions must be increased. Last year, outside of the regular work, over five hundred dollars were raised for Myrtle Hall. The Hall needs more money, and our treasury is open to receive it. All this work calls for enthusiastic labor on the part of the lovers of this Society, and if they are aroused by the pressing needs of our missionaries, at home and abroad, to give a margin over present appropriations, the Board will be glad and eager to increase them.

Some, anxious to know the best way to use their money for the Master's service, may be asking if, with the reported cash in the treasury Sept. 30, 1879, the Woman's Society does really

call for any special efforts in its work? A question which wish to answer in as clear a manner as possible.

I copy from the Treasurer's report, that cash on hand Sept. 30, 1879, was \$1,400, and liabilities were \$693.65. These liabilities did not include the quarterly remittance for work in India, then due, because the Board did not make the appropriation for it until after the accounts of the Treasurer were closed for the year. After allowing for these, and for printing the annual reports, there was an overplus of a little more than three hundred dollars. I have included in liabilities, money in the treasury for special objects, as well as bills unpaid.

Two facts should be taken into consideration in deciding whether this money ought to remain in the treasury or be immediately used for the general work. : First, all remittances to India are made quarterly, in advance, and a month in addition is allowed for the mail to reach there. Second, in some quarters of the year more money is received than in others. For the two last, ending with September 30, the receipts are generally larger than for the two first, ending with March 31.

One can readily see, with no reserved fund, what the result would be if a surplus at the close of the last quarter, no larger than the one we now have, should be immediately appropriated to the work. When that season of the year comes in which the contributions fall off, if they should fall below the quarterly payment, this treasury would not be in a condition to meet these demands. All know how a society's inability to pay its bills as they become due weakens its efficiency and embarrasses its workers.

So, for the sake of the cause, it seems necessary that this Society should have either a surplus as large, or larger than it now has, or a working capital. The latter is preferable. By this I mean money, which, by the choice of the donors, must be set apart and used only as a collateral, or a security, when money must be obtained to meet immediate demands upon the treasury.

Are there not those who, seeing the need of such a fund, will give to the Society for this purpose. The Board, in an informal way, has endorsed such a plan, and the Treasurer of the Society is allowed to use her influence in this direction. Every dollar received for this purpose the present year will allow that much of the surplus to go into the

regular work. In this movement no one advocates a *reserved* fund, but a *working* capital of about \$300.

A summary of our work, including increased appropriations, the special work at Harper's Ferry, the need of more helpers in India, and the purpose of the Board to build upon a sound financial basis, has in it the assurance of pressing need, and the hearty response of the lovers of this Society to its appeals in the past bids us believe that they are ready for hearty co-operation with its work now.

L. A. DEMERITTE, *Treasurer.*

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By some delay the following was omitted from the Reports : Miss Hasty, the *Maine Western* District Secretary, reports "two new auxiliaries and one band ; making the present number of auxiliaries thirteen, and children's bands seven. Amount of money raised during the year, \$369 40. A large portion of this sum has been appropriated to the parent Society, and it does not include the money raised by the children. Number of MISSIONARY HELPERS taken, 242. Each of the four Quarterly Meetings has a secretary actively at work, and at nearly all of the quarterly sessions some time has been successfully devoted to the consideration of our work."

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FURNISHING ROOMS. Mr. Morrell, in the *Morning Star*, says that "furniture for all but seven or eight of the thirty-six rooms (above the basement) in Myrtle Hall is already promised or paid for by individuals or societies." He adds that "such as have been hesitating will do wisely to make haste a little; or be disappointed in not securing the opportunity of furnishing one of these rooms, as some were in being too late with their very kind offer to finish."

We do hope that some one will feel moved to a very generous contribution for the furniture of the reception room. Has any one thought especially of our teacher's room?

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BLANKS. A very thorough and excellent system is being put in operation for obtaining reports of the work done in the churches, in co-operation with this Society. This system comprises blanks for the Auxiliaries, the Quarterly Meetings, and the Yearly Meetings. The blank for the auxiliary is to be filled out promptly by its Secretary, and forwarded to the Q. M. Secretary; who will, from the sum of those in her

section, make her report to the Y. M. or District Secretary, and the latter will at once forward the aggregate to her respective Home Secretary. Instructions are to be found on the back of each blank, which will aid the various Secretaries.

It is hoped that very great care will be taken to make this effort to connect the links in the chain which should bind together the parts of the Society, a success, or, in other words, that there may be a vital union of the twigs and fibers with the branches, of the branches with the limbs, and the limbs with the tree, for organization is the very first principle of a vigorous life.

These blanks can be obtained of Mrs. B. F. Hayes, Lewiston, Maine, of Rev. J. H. Durkee, Phoenix, N. Y., of Miss S. L. Cilley, Hillsdale, Mich., and at this office.

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"HISTORICAL SKETCHES of Woman's Missionary Societies in America and England," is the title of a neat volume of 145 pages, 16mo square, recently published by Mrs. L. H. Daggett, 278 Bunker Hill St., Boston, Mass. Price 75 cents; in paper covers, 50 cents. These sketches are twenty-one in number, and contain interesting information relating to the origin and history of the societies of all denominations, including our own Society. The volume exhibits much painstaking, and will prove valuable to missionary workers. It has an excellent introduction by Miss Hart of Baltimore. We hope every one who can, will send for a copy. It is well worth the price. Send to Mrs. L. H. Daggett.

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## WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS.

The last quarterly session of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Seneca and Huron Q. M. convened with the Lykens Church, on Saturday evening, Nov. 15, 1879. The President, Mrs. Eastman, conducted the exercises, which opened with singing by the choir, and prayer by Mrs. Johnson. The programme consisted of select reading, singing, and encouraging words on mission work, spoken by several persons. The subject of the Woman's Missionary Society becoming auxiliary to the Ohio State Association was introduced by Rev. Mr. Gleeson, followed by spirited remarks from several present, both for and against, ending by a unanimous vote of the society to remain auxiliary to the parent society.

The following resolutions were offered concerning the death of Mrs. Martha Waller, which occurred Oct. 4, and were adopted:—

*Whereas*, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst, our dear sister, Martha Waller, therefore,

*Resolved*, That in her death our Missionary Society has lost a faithful worker in the Master's cause, and the Church one of its most efficient members.

*Resolved*, That we extend to the afflicted husband and family our heartfelt sympathy in their great bereavement.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the *Morning Star* and MISSIONARY HELPER for publication.

|                |              |
|----------------|--------------|
| Mrs. McKIBBEN, | } Committee. |
| " HUFFMAN,     |              |
| " LARNE,       |              |
| " LEE,         |              |

The collection at the close, which was \$5.00, was given towards paying the expenses of Rev. Jeremiah Phillips and wife to America. Our society seems to be increasing in interest.

MRS. JENNIE WALKER,

*Secretary of Seneca and Huron Q. M.*

"Now I want to tell you of a new sister which we have, a wee bit of a child. I drove down to ——— last week, through the deepest mud, and helped organize an auxiliary there. It has but five members,—only five, but there is hope that more will join them. But it will live, for it has considerable vitality. The church has but twenty-five members and so poor, and so utterly discouraged. One of the members said, 'We have done nothing for others for years, and no wonder we are so weak.'

We are prospering finely. Last Sunday evening we had a public meeting, which was very successful. There were 350 present, and we took a collection of \$10, and gained ten new members, which means \$10 more, at least. One old gentlemen joined us as an honorary member three years ago. I spoke of this, and four gentlemen are now added to this list. Our programme was not a difficult one: Voluntary by choir, Scripture Reading, Prayer, Report of Secretary, Report of Treasurer, Singing, E-say—'The Open Door,' Recital, Mathematical Problem, Map Exercise, Reading Letters from Missionaries, Recitation—'The Penny Ye Meant to Gi'e,' Collection, Remarks, Doxology."

Mrs. Davis, from Farmington, Me., writes, "We have organized a little society here, numbering thirteen, and we hope to secure more subscribers, and more members soon. I have succeeded in having Mrs. Smith visit us, and she is now holding meetings with our different churches, and we already see an increased interest in the work. We have organized five societies in the Quarterly Meeting since June."

"When we held our public meeting in May, our entertainment was certainly much indebted to the HELPER. For instance, we had a long dialogue from the January number, and another, "My Sisters," by four little girls. We had them dressed in white, and prettily trimmed with May flowers. There was a letter from Mrs. Lawrence, and I introduced the *Bride* by reading the paragraph describing her marriage in a letter of Mrs. J. L. Phillips. So you see how valuable your little magazine was to us."

Rev. A. H. Morrell says:—

"I am anxious that the 5,000 names for 1880 may be obtained. I find the most impressive services we can put into our missionary concerts here, is to have the young ladies or young gentlemen called out to read

the rich intelligence it brings us in regard to the cause of missions, both at home and far away."

An earnest worker from Saco writes:—

"We entered our second year the first of September. We have eight more members than last year which brings our number to forty. Our meetings are held the first Monday in each month, and there is an increasing interest in the cause of missions. We look eagerly for the *HELPER*, and are willing to work for its circulation, hoping the time will soon come when we shall have it monthly. We have fifty-three subscribers, and expect to add a few more."

"In this far-away land (Kansas) we do not receive our mails regularly. and the last *HELPER* was so long in coming I feared it would never come. When we sat together in our little cottage home, devouring its contents, I could but wish you were where you could witness our enjoyment."

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## NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

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At the time of our going to press, renewals and new subscribers are coming in rapidly. Judging from the indications, there is prospect of an increase of subscribers, but in order for our list to reach 5,000, all our friends will need to work hard.

In consequence of a press of business among paper makers, and the large fire in Boston, the issue of the present number of the *HELPER* has been delayed.

For information for workers, see 3d page of cover.

Rev. O. R. Bacheler and family have returned from Darjeeling to Midnapore, improved in health.

Miss Cilley has returned to her home in Michigan, and is to spend the winter in Hillsdale. In addition to the care of her brother and his two motherless children, she is hoping to pursue medical studies. Her address as Western Home Secretary is simply Hillsdale, Michigan.

An account is given, in an exchange, of a church that has secured eleven large home-made missionary maps, with the help of graduates from the public schools, at a cost of but \$9.00 for material; whereas, to buy maps covering the same ground would cost \$100.

"The healthy Christian life finds its inspirations, not in contemplating its own spiritual states, but in beholding Christ. In the memoirs of most successful missionaries we find little record of subjective experiences: They were absorbed in viewing the needs of men, and the love of Christ. They spent not much time in gauging their faith. They were looking unto *Jesus*, the beginner and completer of it."

## Children's Niche.

### SONG OF THE "WILLING WORKERS."

Only a band of children,  
Sitting at Jesus' feet,  
Fitting ourselves to enter  
Into His service sweet.  
Softly His voice is calling,—  
"Little one, come unto me!  
Stay not, though weak and helpless;  
Child, I have need of thee!"

Take us, dear Saviour, take us  
Into Thy heavenly fold!  
Keep our young feet from straying  
Out in the dark and cold.  
Call us Thy "Little Helpers,"  
Glad in Thy work to share;  
Make us Thine own dear children,  
Worthy Thy name to bear.

Only a band of children,  
Sitting at Jesus' feet,  
Fitting ourselves to enter  
Into His service sweet;  
Seeking His light to guide us  
Wherever the way is dim;  
Learning His beautiful lessons,  
Longing to be like Him.

Oh, with pure hearts and lowly,  
Help us, dear Lord, to go;  
Bearing the glad, sweet story  
Unto sad hearts below;  
And reaching the pearly portals,  
May the welcome, sweet, be given,—  
"Pass through the gates, my children,  
Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

*L. T., in Children's Work for Children.*

### OFFERINGS TO THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY.

#### A MISSIONARY COLLOQUY.

[A young lady represents the Genius of Christianity. Her arm rests upon a large cross beside her. An altar stands before her on which she lays the gifts as they are presented. Six misses represent different religions.]

*Genius.*—Whence come ye, children?

*All.*—From our far-off homes. We bring votive offerings to thy shrine.

*Gen.*—Do ye owe me aught?

*All.*—We owe thee all.

[*Indian girl steps forward.*]

*Gen.*—And thou, dark-haired daughter of American wilds, what bringest thou?

*Indian.*—There are no rich fabrics or glittering gems in the wigwam of Menona. Her wildwood life is simple, her gifts of little worth. She can bring thee only the berries that grow upon the hillside, and the flowers that blossom in her native vales. Though her offering be poor and simple, she brings with it the gratitude of a faithful heart.

[Presents a basket of berries and one of flowers.]

**Gen.**—Thy gift is precious. Has Christianity done aught for thy tribes?

**Ind.**—Where Menona's people have yielded to thy sway, thou hast given them peaceful homes. The bloody scalp hangs no longer at the warrior's belt. The forests echo no more with the horrid war-whoop; they resound with the voice of prayer, and with hymns of praise to the Prince of Peace.

[African girl steps forward.]

**Gen.**—And here is one from the darkest of dark lands. But yesterday, one of the bravest of the sons of Christianity crept to his grave in the heart of Africa. A messenger from the country hallowed by the death of Livingstone can but be welcome.

**African.**—My home is surely the darkest of the dark, yet even Ethiopia stretches out her hands to God. A better day is dawning for Africa. Our people are no longer stolen from their native shores and dragged to the vilest servitude beneath the cross, the symbol of thy love. I bring thee broken fetters, for thou makest all free.

[Throws down a broken chain. Genius sets her foot upon it.]

**Gen.**—Yes, thank God, for all the race are brothers.

**Af.**—I bring thee a bird of glorious plumage, and a wedge of glittering gold. My land is rich in these, and when thou hast carried thy sceptre over all its hills and plains, it will add much to the world's wealth.

[Genius takes the bird and the wedge of gold.]

**Gen.**—Thy bird of rainbow hue gives hints of hope for Africa. God hasten the day when all thy people shall be rich with the gold tried in the fire!

[Hindoo girl steps forward.]

**Hindoo.**—Mine is also a glorious land, but ah! so sick and sad with the oppressions of evil. Tens of thousands of the infant daughters of my country are put to death each year. Those who are unkindly spared, live but to be the slaves of slaves. There is no life, no love, no hope for India's daughters, except as they find rest in Christ.

**Gen.**—And will they come to Him?

**Hin.**—Yes; even in the zenana prison the hearts of thousands leap for joy when they hear the whisper of His name. I bring thee an image of one of the gods of India.

His temples are falling to decay. We know that the time is not far distant when our beautiful land shall be given to Christ for His inheritance. Thy sons and daughters love our people; they bring us the good news of salvation, and they sleep sweetly after their years of toil, among our dead. I bring thee also a casket of jewels from our mines. Thou bringest us the priceless pearl, and it is fitting that we return thee our best.

*Gen.* — Thanks, daughter, thy gift is good.

*[Chinese girl steps forward.]*

But who art thou?

*Chinese.* — Wong-kin-se, from the Celestial kingdom. I have not many words, for only yesterday the missionary lady taught me that I have a soul. I bring thee the type of my servitude (*presents a pair of Chinese shoes*). The women of my land may not be respectable unless they submit to the terrible torture of having their feet brought down to this baby smallness. Miserable as this crippling is, it is nothing to the cramping of heart, and brain, and soul, to which our religion holds us all. Where we let thee come, thou settest free the sons and daughters of China.

*[Mohammedan girl steps forward.]*

*Mohammedan.* — And I, good Genius, come from the land of the Koran. The followers of the false prophet have lost their military power; the flash of the cimiter no longer sends terror to the Christian's heart; our temples of learning have fallen to decay; we are yielding to the power of the prophet of Judea. He who rose from the dead must conquer all. I bring thee the symbol of our faith.

*[Hands the genius a crescent.]*

*Gen.* — Thy crescent pales before the rising of the Sun of Righteousness; I hang it beneath my cross. But here comes one with slow step and downcast eye. Who art thou, daughter?

*[Hebrew girl steps forward.]*

*Hebrew.* — A child of the apostate race who said: "His blood be upon us and upon our children." Through all the long, sad centuries the curse of our fathers has rested upon us. We have been outcast and hated, and now at the last we come bending unto thee.

*Gen.* — Welcome, thrice welcome! Our Master was of thy race.

*Heb.* — Yes, Messiah ben David was the Lion of the tribe of Judah; but oh, that terrible mistake of my people the day our Paschal Lamb was slain! He who was our real Pass-over, to whom all the prophets bore witness, he died upon the cross, — God's Paschal Lamb. They laid Him in the sepulchre, but angels rolled away the stone, and the women, his bravest, truest friends, found that He had risen. Jesus of Nazareth burst the bonds of death and triumphed o'er His foes. I bring thee our Scriptures, the Bible of the Hebrews, full of prophecy of your — *our* Christ. I entreat thee, come quickly to my people, telling them the glad story of Him who was dead and is alive forevermore.

[Hands her a parchment roll.]

*Gen.* — Your gift is most precious; I hold it to my heart. And now, my children, as ye go back to your homes, let each bear to her people the good tidings of great joy that shall be to all nations; let each do her utmost to hasten the time when

“Every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe  
And crown Him Lord of all.”

[Congregation join in singing this verse without announcement or prelude.]

—H. W. Friend.

FROM an English missionary publication we glean the following: It was harvest time, and in several villages we met with a company of youths, who, like Christmas choristers, were going about the district, from village to village, and singing a simple but sweet song. As they sang they beat time with their fingers and palms upon drums, hung round their necks, and danced in a circle to their music. By their side was a large basket nearly full of rice, and the people would from time to time throw in a handful as they sang. How like the ancient custom of wassail singing, in the North of England, on New Year's morning.

“Bring us out a table and spread it with cloth,  
And bring us a mouldy cheese, and some of your Christmas loaf.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have a little purse made of stretching leather skin,  
We want a little of your money to line it well within.”

## CONTRIBUTIONS

RECEIVED BY THE

## Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society,

FROM OCT. 1, 1879, TO DEC. 1, 1879.

## MAINE.

|                                                                                                                        |          |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Abbott, Miss Martha Gordon and Miss Lydia Bartlett, 25 cents each, for native teacher.....                             | \$ 50    |
| Abbott, Mrs. O. Brown and Mrs. B. Warren, 50 cents each, for native teacher .....                                      | 1 00     |
| Atkinson, Ch., for native teacher.....                                                                                 | 5 00     |
| Augusta, Auxiliary, for Mrs. J. L. Phillips' work .....                                                                | 5 00     |
| Augusta, Young Peoples Soc., for Miss I. Phillips' salary.....                                                         | 10 00    |
| East Otisfield, Auxiliary.....                                                                                         | 3 00     |
| East Parsonfield, Mission Workers                                                                                      | 4 00     |
| Ellsworth, Q. M., for Zenana teacher .....                                                                             | 12 00    |
| Houlton, Gleaners, for Miss I. Phillips' salary.....                                                                   | 5 00     |
| Lewiston, Auxiliary.....                                                                                               | 4 00     |
| Lewiston, A friend, for Santal girl as teacher in Mrs. J. L. Phillips' department.....                                 | 5 00     |
| Lyman, Home and Foreign Miss. Society, for Harper's Ferry..                                                            | 7 00     |
| Lyndon, Mrs. Martha E. Hall, for F. M.....                                                                             | 50       |
| New Portland, Aux., for F. M....                                                                                       | 5 00     |
| Parsonfield, Q. M., for Miss Crawford's school .....                                                                   | 5 40     |
| Saco, Aux., for native teacher with Mrs. J. L. Phillips.....                                                           | 15 00    |
| South Dover, Mrs. James Crommet and Mrs. B. Ayer, 25 cts. each, for native teacher.....                                | 50       |
| South Parsonfield, Auxiliary, for native teacher .....                                                                 | 10 00    |
| West Bowdoin, Children's Band, to support Santal teacher of Bengali language connected with Mrs. J. L. Phillips' work. | 10 00    |
|                                                                                                                        | \$107 90 |

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

|                                                                                                 |         |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Belmont, Mission Band, Sec'd F. B. Church, for Zenana teacher in Mrs. J. L. Phillips' work..... | 10 00   |
| Dover, Aux. and Young People's Soc., Wash. St. Church, for Myrtle Hall.....                     | 5 00    |
| New Hampton, Aux., for one of Mrs. Bacheler's native teachers.....                              | 10 00   |
| New Market, Auxiliary.....                                                                      | 9 00    |
| Whitefield, Mission Band, for Miss Phillips' salary.....                                        | 5 00    |
|                                                                                                 | \$39 00 |

Dover, N. H.

## VERMONT.

|                                                         |         |
|---------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| East Orange, Auxiliary.....                             | 8 00    |
| South Strafford, Aux., for girls at Storer College..... | 5 00    |
|                                                         | \$13 00 |

## RHODE ISLAND.

|                                                                                                                                     |         |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Pascoag, Young People's Miss. Soc., for Miss I. Phillips' salary.....                                                               | 25 00   |
| Providence, Mrs. M. A. Stone, Greenwich St. Church, \$1 00 each, for Mrs. J. L. Phillips' school, and school at Harper's Ferry..... | 2 00    |
|                                                                                                                                     | \$27 00 |

## NEW YORK.

|                                                     |        |
|-----------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Ashford, Mrs. L. Fox, for Miss Crawford's work..... | 5 00   |
| Fabius, Mrs. E. Peck.....                           | 1 00   |
|                                                     | \$6 00 |

## OHIO.

|                                   |        |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| Broadway, Auxiliary, for F. M.... | 4 00   |
|                                   | \$4 00 |

## MICHIGAN.

|                                                                                             |         |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Kent City, Miss Libby Cilley....                                                            | 1 00    |
| Montcalm, Q. M., Woman's Miss. Society.....                                                 | 5 70    |
| Wixom, Mrs. E. Burch, for F. M. Y. M., H. M. \$12 41., F. M. \$11 18., 18 cts. expense..... | 23 41   |
|                                                                                             | \$30 76 |

## IOWA.

|                                   |        |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| Lodomillo, Ladies Aid Society.... | 4 00   |
|                                   | \$4 00 |

## WISCONSIN.

|                                                |         |
|------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Burnett, Auxiliary, for Zenana work \$5 00.... | 10 00   |
|                                                | \$10 00 |

## PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

|                                 |         |
|---------------------------------|---------|
| Compton, Church .....           | 4 50    |
| Stanstead, Q. M., for F. M..... | 17 43   |
| " Auxiliary in Church.....      | 9 40    |
|                                 | \$31 33 |

Total amount, \$272 99

Miss L. A. DeMERITTE, Treasurer.